

MISCELLANEOUS.

"The Lord Shall Fight For You."

God of our fathers! we are still thy sons,
Our hands on Thee, the King of kings;
You, now in sickness, bid us we're
"Jubilee our salvation sing."

"Thus be the days of vengeance" dire,—
The people few, the slaves in vain;
And God's own people, with their load,
The heritage of God's promise!

Though the deep waters over flow,
Earth never so urgent be,—
Thus "stretches between the oceanism,"
And rolls all with misery!

The Lord is captain of our hosts,
He fights for us; the foe he doth,
The battle, and the clouds before us go;

We serve by man or by law;

He is not unto us swift;
Nor like the battle to the strong!

We make the wrath of awful man
Toield righteous tribute to his praise;

His dashings restrain;

And the swift wings of vengeance stay.

Their last wish be true and wise;

Old Odessa's watchword by her song;

And Odessa's God our strength shall be!

She sent that darkling winged cloud
From roll its shadow for aw;

Diess in itself in show;

And Odessa shuns forth in gloomy day.

You? we not seen now, sir;

The couch thickets shade the sky,

The boughs of the forest that draw us high?

Thoughts of home should shakeen be,

Touch us to tears by far, and war;

Yet here we're—prisoners! sir!

A comely "now and never!"

The Lord! our spirit is bound;

But the heart's in the lead. It is

the soul that's bound;

And the soul that's bound;